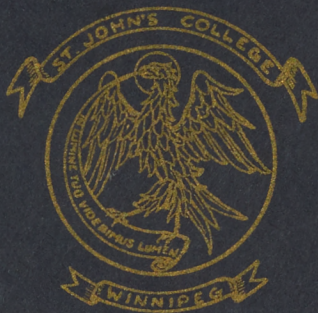


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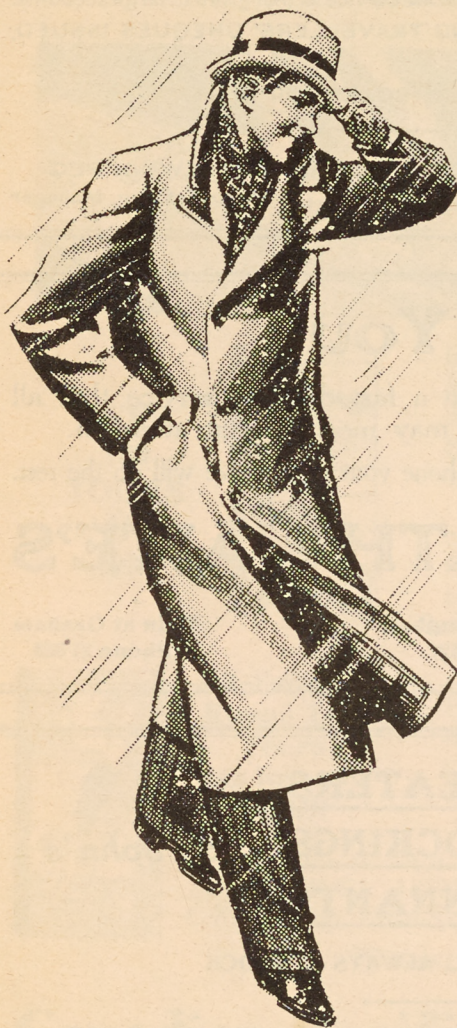
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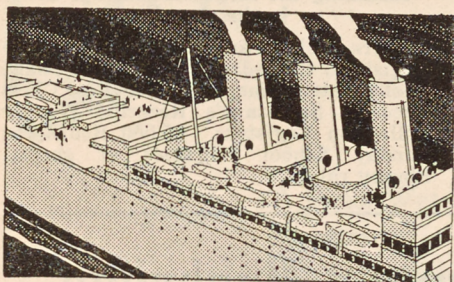
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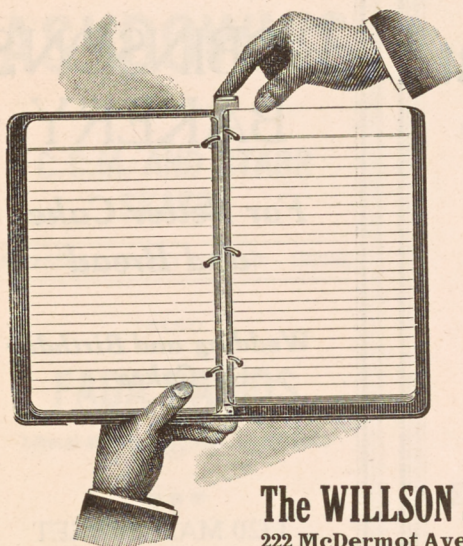
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Vol. XXXIX.

FEBRUARY 1931

No. 2.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT



THE FUTURE AND ITS MAKERS

It is manifest that the present moment is for St. John's College crucial in the extreme. Circumstances are forcing the College to alter its course in accordance with their demands. It is faced with the necessity of either an increased curriculum in its present location, or of close co-operation with the other denominational colleges of the University, or with a move to the new site at Fort Garry. Some such settlement, temporary or permanent, cannot be evaded.

Obviously, then, now is a time for a clear vision sought in the best and enduring interests of St. John's, and for strong and decisive action in the realization of the vision so sought.

The situation involves issues basic to St. John's. The moving of the College from the historic district in which it traces back its annals for over a century will be no casual undertaking. Co-operation for theological instruction will involve difficulty; possibly sacrifices St. John's would be loathe to contemplate. An expanded curriculum and student body presents problems at once evident, but not readily solvable. Increased accommodation, increased tuition, a change in the student body, would cause expense and labor to the College Council, and in some degree to the student body.

Each man of St. John's will form his hope and vision of what he would have the St. John's of the future be. The great achievement will be to form of these individual concepts a united and harmonious ideal which will lend itself to realization in action.

On whom will the essential duty of acting fall? There is the College Council; and there are more. There are our alumni and prospective alumni, the graduates and students of the College of St. John. On their vision and their action, as a unified, corporate and singly purposed body, devoted to Alma Mater, the future of St.

John's College largely depends. The opportunity is theirs; they may make the future of St. John's. To them it has been given to see the light of learning in the College. It remains for them to bear witness.

EXAGGERATION

Our learned President of the Literary and Debating Society has proposed as one subject in his literary contest the topic of "Exaggeration." We are in no wise ambitious to launch our fragile barque upon so wild and shoreless a flood, but it bids fair to provide us with a starting point for our discussion.

Exaggeration is the spice of life. To be able to exaggerate with gusto and verisimilitude is indeed to live. What were your columnist, your politician, your after-dinner speaker without exaggeration? We repeat it, exaggeration is the very spice of life, and without it, existence is existence merely.

Yet we think exaggeration has its faults. Exaggeration ought not to be carried into criticism. But it too often is. Specifically has this been done in the criticism emanating the students towards any attempt to found a literary tradition in St. John's. The worship of sport and the Spartan spirit has gone too far, and scholarship and the love and practice of literature have in consequence suffered. Sport and a care-free "manliness" are well. But they are ephemeral and material, and have no right to be extended from their acknowledged domain into the finer realms of thought and expression which nourish the mind enduringly and offer the one hope of earthly immortality.

We students of St. John's have exaggerated one portion of our heritage and neglected the finer tradition of culture that is ours. The damage, however, is not irremediable; a deeper interest in books, a demand for a library larger and more modern, a tendency to moderate our criticism and to increase our support of any just effort to create a literary tradition in the student body, will easily set our feet anew on the true path.

Nor have we exaggerated in our plea.

1866-1931

The former date is that of Samuel Pritchard Matheson's entry as a boy at St. John's. The latter date is not final. It cannot be final. Neither the passage of time, nor the end of time, can break the bond between His Grace and St. John's. Precious as are the associations that have gathered for him and for us around this old spot within six and a half decades, the real bond between His Grace and St. John's is of the eternal order.

Yet January 31st, 1931, the date of the retirement of our Archbishop, is an epochal event not less for St. John's than for the Diocese and Province of Rupert's Land. Even more epochal, we may say. For it brings vividly before us and enables us to realize what the slow process of the years tended to leave diffused and dim. A great life has been lived in our midst. For sixty-five years this has been his home and the centre from which his influence radiated. Here he passed, by steps so gradual and seemingly so natural as almost to escape notice, from schoolboy to Chancellor of the University, and from Deacon to Primate of the Church in Canada. "Hammy," the familiar name he brought to St. John's from his home; "Sam," as he was known among his school mates; "Mr. Matheson"; "Canon"; "Dean"; "My Lord"; "Your Grace." These designations, from the one to the other of which we slipped so easily in addressing him as the years went by, when grouped thus make vivid for us the development of his career and the growing importance of his influence. From the schoolboy "Sam" to the Primate of Canada! Such is the life that came to an official close on January 31st, 1931.

The short duration of each pupil's or undergraduate's term at St. John's, and the constant changes in teachers and professors, make it difficult for any individual to secure anything like a predominating influence over the pupils of several generations. But when on that memorable morning, Saturday, January 31st, we were caught, as many before us were, by the gleam in that brilliant eye, and listened to that resonant voice, and felt the pulse of that great heart, all St. John's, past and present, knew who had been the Master in Israel for all these years; aye, and rejoiced that "his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated."

The present generation, who have known only the venerable and dignified figure of the Primate, naturally ask, "What was he like when he was younger?" The writer's memory cannot reach back to his boyhood, but he can state that all His Grace's contemporaries testify that "the boy was father to the man," and that his "days were linked each to each by natural piety." In his classes, he was the favourite pupil of two great teachers, Archbishop Machray and Dr. MacLean, later Bishop of Saskatchewan. In athletics, those who had to contest with him in a foot-race or in any of the events then in vogue, knew that in him they had a contestant worthy of their best. His figure? Well, as the writer first remembers it, it was not so rotund and patriarchal as it has come to be. He was a tall, slender youth, looking every inch the athlete. That comely, waving beard? No! It was not there. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a modern innovation. Just a budding moustache and, after the custom of the day, a slight side-whisker. One feature remains unchanged, that eye! And, that voice!

Are there no good stories about him? you naturally ask. None, except those he has told on himself in his own inimitable way. The fact is, as one of our newspapers has said, that he was so normal that stories did not gather around him as they do around those who have peculiarities.

One story this article must tell—the story of his splendid influence on the boys of St. John's from 1874-1904. Thirty years of contact with such a personality was a heaven-born gift to our School. Scattered over Canada and over many parts of the world, there are men, some in lofty positions, some in humbler ones, who thank God for "Sam," the endearing name by which they know him.

Well, the end has come, officially. Not really. Indeed, we hope that now he has won a well earned respite from his arduous duties, he may often find time to visit the College and School. And we assure him of as hearty a welcome as he would have received from the boys of 1874-1931.

A '74 Boy.

W. H. DAVIES: THE MAN AND HIS POETRY

"A faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." If Stevenson spoke truly, and we are convinced that he did, then W. H. Davies has an interest in all the world, and he is a poet with a very individual personality. Could anything be more simply true, more reminiscent of the days when we have enjoyed the beauties of nature, simply because they were beautiful, than the following lines?

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn, at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich the smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

And the poet is a living example of the life of leisure of which he sings.

William H. Davies was born somewhere in the west of England about fifty-nine years ago. He was brought up by his grandparents, who kept a public house. His grandfather was a retired sea captain, whose main interest in life was the wind and weather. His grandmother was a good, religious soul, who frowned upon anything savouring of "the world." This must have been an interesting boy, a leader, a fighter, up to all the mischief going in the town, rebelling greatly against the strict life of the grandparents, and yet "not a bad scholar." He soon acquired a love of literature for its own sake. Beginning with the common penny novel, he developed "a taste for better work in a shorter time than boys usually do." Soon he went to work for an iron-monger, and then for a picture framer. But he did

not do well, as he gave the greater part of his spare time, and all his thoughts, to literature. He read Byron, Shelley, Marlowe and Shakespeare, much to the horror of his grandmother, who warned him against such works, and recommended Milton's "Paradise Lost" as more suitable reading for a growing boy. He joined a mutual improvement society, and was publicly congratulated for a poem which he read; but, after a few surreptitious visits to the local theatre, he caused a considerable commotion by a paper "In Defence of the Stage." When he reached the age of twenty-one his apprenticeship expired, and he lived and worked in Bristol for about six months. He tells us that "the license indulged . . . was sufficient to wreck the brains and health of any man beyond recovery, and for the time being deadened all literary ambition." At the end of that time his grandmother died, her husband having preceded her. She left her estate in the hands of a trustee, the profits to be divided weekly among her grandchildren. This brought to W. H. Davies the princely sum of ten shillings, or a little more than two dollars, a week. For a month or two he lived a restless life, and then he decided to set out for America.

As he crossed the Atlantic it was with the impression that he was going to a wonderful land. He expected to enjoy life in the New World, and he did so—in a rather unusual way. He says, "My impression of Americans from the beginning is of the best, and I have never since had cause to alter my mind. They are a kind, sympathetic race of people, and naturally proud of their country." As he was resting in a New York park, the young wanderer met Brum, the notorious beggar, who accepted him as a disciple and "the easy and sumptuous way of catering" of this remarkable individual soon made his pupil "indifferent to all manual labour . . . a lazy wretch with but little inclination to work." He was soon initiated into the mysteries of beating his way by train, sleeping by campfires, and taking possession of empty houses. In this way Davies travelled over the greater part of the eastern United States. The record of these wanderings and a description of his hobo life, with other interesting particulars, he has preserved for us in his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." The summers were spent at the seaside resorts, the winters in

travelling from one jail to another, spending a month in each, after having been arrested on the peculiar charge of vagrancy. In the spring the tramps sometimes picked berries, but they usually spent every cent that they had earned in this way during their first days of freedom in the big cities. Sometimes they worked on the cattle boats, shipping to England and back again, and, as usual, spending their earnings on drink. We are not accustomed to think of the ragged traveller upon the top of the freight train as one who can sing,

I am a jolly tramp, I whine to you,
Then whistle till I meet another fool.
I call the labourer sir, the boy young man,
The maid young lady, and the mother I
Will flatter through the youngest child that walks . . .
If it be summer time, then what care I
For naked feet, and flesh through tattered garb?

And this picture of the wandering life would almost persuade us to follow it too,

No morning breaks but he would pack,
With knapsack flung across his back,
And farther than the cuckoo roam,
Who makes no nest, and he no home.
And who he is, or where shall go,
No woman and no man shall know;
And where he sleeps a secret is,
Only the harvest moon's and his . . .
Since all his life has been like this,
Retiring into dreams of bliss,
Write these true words above his dust:
"He died because Age said he must;
He gave no man or woman power
To change him from sweet looks to sour;
Society never gave him pain,
No woman broke his heart in twain;
His body perished when his heart
Had no foul blight in any part;
From day to day, from birth to death,
He took in joy at every breath."

It is certain that Davies enjoyed his vagabond days. Mr. George Bernard Shaw summarizes his description of them when he bids "every youth . . . when next his parents and guardians attempt to drive him to some drudgery under the pretext that he should earn his own living, think of the hospitable country-sides of America, with their farm houses overflowing with milk and honey for the tramp, and their offers of adoption for every day labourer with a dash of poetry in him." But it seems

that after all there are a few disadvantages to the tramp life, and they are hinted at in the conclusion to "A Jolly Tramp":

Alas! I do not always laugh: for see
How fine was yester morn; the heavens clear;
Then came a golden cloud with three dark ones—
Three pirates following a peaceful barque;
The heavy rain tugged with its might for hours,
And almost pulled the heavens down to earth;
And then came torrents, and no jolly tramp
Was I, but whined in truth most pitiful.

And there are perils in the life of a tramp. Crushed and broken bodies, unidentified, are often picked up on the railway tracks. The coroner always passes a verdict of "Accidental Death," and that is sometimes true. During one of his journeys W. H. Davies suffered the loss of a limb. This accident compelled him to return to England and led to his turning to literature.

He lived for some time with relatives, and then the old restlessness came upon him, but this time in a different way. He set out for London, determined to live upon his small means and to achieve something in the world of literature. He found that he could live upon less than ten shillings a week, so he sent two to a needy relative, and contrived to exist upon the remaining eight. Economy was necessary. He made his home in a common lodging house in Lambeth. He devoted his time to reading in the public libraries and to practising the writing of poetry. After some time he tried to get his work published, but with no success. Not to be daunted, however, he spent a summer in tramping around England, living—or rather, starving, for he was not a successful beggar—upon the bounty of the people. In this way he saved enough money to get some volumes of his work printed at his own expense. These he sent through the post to eminent literary men, and to others whom he thought might be interested. The result can best be described in the words of Mr. Shaw: "In the year 1905 I received by post a volume of poems by one William H. Davies. . . . I was not surprised at getting the poems. I get a gift of minor poetry once a week or so. . . . Sometimes a letter accompanies the book; and then I get a rapid impression . . . of the class and type of the author. . . . When Mr. Davies' book

came to hand my imagination failed me. I could not place him. . . . The author, as far as I could guess, had walked into a printer's or stationer's shop; handed in his manuscript; and ordered the book as he might have ordered a pair of boots. It was marked 'price half a crown.' An accompanying letter asked me very civilly if I required a half-crown book of verses; and, if so, would I please send the author the half-crown; if not, would I return the book. This was attractively simple and sensible. Further, the handwriting was remarkably delicate and individual: the sort of handwriting one might expect from Shelley or George Meredith. I opened the book, and was more puzzled than ever; for before I had read three lines I perceived that the author was a real poet. . . . Mr. Davies is now a poet of established reputation. He no longer prints his verses and hawks them; he is regularly published and reviewed." Davies had, after his years of wandering, seeing, and feeling, worked hard for success. He had earned it. When it came, his readers were amazed to learn under what conditions this poet had worked and lived. They had never before heard of a doss-house. They knew nothing of the lives of the men who sleep in those tiny bedrooms or large dormitories and spend their spare hours in the common kitchen around the coke fire. A glimpse of this unknown world has been given to us in his poetry.

For listen: it is death
To watch that fire's glow;
For, as it burns more red
Men paler grow.

O better in foul room
That's warm, make life away,
Than homeless out of doors,
Cold night and day.

Pile on the coke, make fire,
Rouse its death-dealing glow;
Men are borne dead away
Ere they can know.

An idea of the habits of the men is given by "Wondering Brown":

"He was a civil sort of cove,
But did queer things, for one low down:
Oft have I watched him clean his teeth—
As true as heaven's above," cried Brown.

There are inimitable little character sketches, for instance:

Here's "Irish" Tim, outspoken wretch,
Insult him, he is thy staunch friend;
But say "Good morning," civil like,
He'll damn thee then to thy life's end.

There are hate poems, too, born of the struggle to climb, and of the tragedies that often bring men down. Probably the drinking songs and reflections on Ale belong to this period. Some of them are really fine:

Oh for a glass of ale!
A glass of sparkling ale, where bubbles play
At starry heavens, and show a milky way.

The whole of Davies' work, both poetry and prose, is amazingly and beautifully simple. He uses words of few syllables; his structure is musical and never involved; he sings of the simple things, the joys and sorrows and whimsicalities of life. He reveals himself in his poetry and, as one reads the volume of his "Collected Poems 1928" it is with the feeling of coming to know the man. It is to count him a friend, to be charmed with his simplicity of nature as well as of expression, and to wish that he might be known and read of all men. He is essentially Nature's friend and Fancy's companion. He sings of love, and the hearer knows that he has loved. He talks of people, and the people live. He meditates upon the deeper things of life, and we feel that here is a friend to all men, one who has learned life's lessons from its sorrows. He talks of quaint and funny things. We do not laugh, but we smile, and in that smile there is a growing affection for the poet, the lover, the super-tramp, W. H. Davies.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the bee. . . .

The horse can tell,
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, cow and mouse,
Bird, moth and bee.

W. F. B.

FROM THE CATERPILLAR TO THE BUTTERFLY

The title of this article means the emergence from a college school boy of the sixth form to a university student, from the ordinary every-day school clothes to the dignity of a cap and gown, and, in the term of 1883 and 1884, this also meant a move from the dear old rambling building on the bank of the river to the brand new brick College of St. John's as it now stands. It stood then in solitary grandeur without any annex or other buildings near it. Our caterpillar state may have been hard and thorny, but in the twinkling of an eye (after passing the exams.) we were butterflies.

Can we be blamed if we rather looked down on the College School boys, as our own new College was out of bounds for them? They were not allowed in the new College without permission or invitation.

The butterfly state meant that I was now Mister McDonald and not Alexander, or perhaps "Biscuit," and woe betide the small boy who was too familiar and called me "Biscuit." Our classes were now lectures and our masters were professors. There were no dormitories in the vulgar sense of the word, but our individual rooms, where we slept and worked, were our "studies."

The move up from the school to the university was no doubt much more marked in those long ago days than would be the case to-day.

Our professors were Dean O'Meara for Classics, Canon Coombes for History and Literature, Rev. Mr. Parker for Lower Mathematics and Chemistry, and Bishop Machray for Higher Mathematics. Our present Archbishop had the Divinity lectures and perhaps some others, but his duty as Headmaster of the School required the major part of his attention.

Chemistry and French were pass subjects and could be taken the first or second year. We looked on them as quite unnecessary adjuncts to the Arts course and we somewhat neglected the lectures, especially French. The late Archdeacon Fortin was our professor for French, and I will relate how myself and another gentleman, now himself a Church dignitary, passed our French exam. and only attended one lecture.

On the spur of an evil moment we decided to attend

the last lecture. The subject of the year's study was Bossuet, a great French writer, and also the *Grammaire des Grammaires*. Mr. Fortin, as he then was, was surprised to see two strangers at his lecture and remarked that if we wrote for the exam. we would surely fail, which remark meant nothing to our young lives.

The lecture went on, and when one of the students, without any collusion on our part, asked Mr. Fortin if the exam. would be difficult, and also incidentally asked him how much translation we would have, Mr. Fortin quite innocently turned up his Bossuet to count the lines. My friend had an eagle eye and caught the number of the page. Mr. Fortin turned over a few pages for the second translation and the eagle-eye counted his turn-over.

Our translation at the exam. was perfect, which, with the life of Bossuet, pulled us through with over the 40 per cent. which was necessary to pass. I do not think we could have secured many marks in the grammar. I hope this will not be held against us, and my only comfort is that I am in good company, anyway.

Small exams. were frequently held to test how we were progressing in our studies. On one such occasion, when I was writing my paper and sitting beside somebody or that somebody was sitting beside me, I forget which, our papers both came back marked by Mr. Parker,

"Mr. and Mr. sat side by side
And their answers exactly coincide."

We presumed the answers were both wrong, as we received no marks from them.

Everything considered, we studied well, as we all had ambitions to pass with honours, and for the first time we were up against the public exams. in competition with the other colleges. We had our clever boys, one of whom was Bishop Anderson, and another John Machray. Other students there were who were also clever but did not give close enough application to their work, though at the same time not absolutely neglecting it.

Our professors were unquestionably careful and painstaking with us and their lectures well given and lucid. Many of us might have done better than we did, but on the whole we had no real failures.

Bishop Machray's manner of lecturing on Logarithms and Conic Sections remains strong in my memory, though

being a senior wrangler of an Old Country university, he frequently was away ahead of our small minds, at times lecturing for a half hour, and we understood nothing and could not follow him.

The black-board, the chalk, and Bishop Machray striding back and forth lecturing, remain to-day quite plain in my mind's eye. His personality was wonderful and there were few of us, indeed, who had been in contact with him and have not been better for it. His advice to us always was, "Be young Christian gentlemen."

I cannot conclude this article without mentioning the kind and homelike hospitality we received, visiting, in our spare evenings, the fine old homes of the Inksters, the Bannermans, the Munroes, and many others. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I have got out of touch with those of the old-timers still living whose homes made many pleasant evenings for us.

A. A. McD.

Starlight

The lower world is blank with snow,
But Sirius' beam has wonted glow.

Orion marches overhead.
Arcturus rises, lucent red.

The Dipper circling northern skies,
Sets not upon our northern eyes.

The Pole Star floating high and clear,
Unchanging lights the new-changed year.

And one lone Pleiad, lost in space,
Roves darkly from her ancient place.

Black, black abysses intervene
Betwixt the lights in yonder sheen.

Wide gaps of nothing isolate
The heavenly beacons separate.

Only the lapse of million nights
Can bring to earth their scattered lights.

But one may lift his eyes and see
The very farthest instantly.

And two upon a far off sun
May look, nor think their gazes one.

Nigh infinite though be the sphere,
It brings them, somehow, almost near.

F. H. D.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY

It is probable that at no time in the experience of the reading public has there been such a landslide of historical biography, presented in so naive and yet so spectacular a manner, as that with which the interested student of current reading is faced to-day. Here in the realm of Biography we find almost a renaissance, and the creation of a New Art. A profound summary of its *raison d'être* would lead us into well nigh every channel of human thought, and every field of human endeavour. Our age is essentially an age of democracy; nowhere consummate, nowhere articulate, and yet, in that nebulous symbol we find the key to a thousand processes of enlightenment and progress, which are to-day penetrating every stratum of human society, and all the manifold pursuits of man. The literary market of necessity could be no exception. Indeed, to a very marked degree, do we find influences in literary and educational circles, which can be attributed only to the character of the Age. This is not surprising when we consider that we can know the past only through a literary mirror, reflecting, with vacillating degrees of clarity and obscurity, the variegated movements of man in every Age.

Disraeli has written "Read no history, read only biography, for that is life without a theory." To-day there may be discerned an ever growing class of literate, albeit uneducated peoples, manifesting an enlarging interest in reading, and, more particularly, the reading of the interpreted past. This points to the creation of a need. Obviously, the reading of history — Gibbon and Plutarch, Macaulay and Carlyle, to mention but a few standard historians, and passing over such contemporary historical scholars as Pollard and Gooch, both of whom have written some fine biography—to be adequately appreciated, or to any extent effective, presupposes in the reader at least the status of a student: a degree of education, and innate desire for knowledge as is undoubtedly not possessed by the average mind. To a large section, then, of the modern gigantic tribe of readers, the perusal of history, outside of educational textbooks and other inadequate mediums, must almost inevitably have remained a practical impossibility. With the rise of this

new tribe comes the birth of a need, the existence of a demand. It soon becomes apparent that the accepted standard volumes, which elucidate the past in the interests of the present, have their fractions of a thousand readers, while this new class can number its millions. Literate, yet uneducated, they desire at least the appearance of culture. And it is as a response to this appeal for a facile application of a superficial covering of their uncultured souls, and uneducated minds, that the professional educator and the author in every field have attempted to evolve a successful method: the popularizing of knowledge: by which may be produced a nameless, nebulous something, acting for the untrained, unbred, bourgeoisie as a cloak of education, and a veneer of culture; enabling him to dwell in a democratic atmosphere with self respecting confidence, and, without too great a degree of disparagement, in the company of the "aristocratic" intellectual. Just so did the interior decorator, with expert felicity, give to birch and poplar the appearance of mahogany; and the jeweller make it impossible for the layman to detect the false amongst the true. But even as the uncut diamond, under the discerning eye, can put to shame the finest false creation of the jeweller's art; even as the widespread preference for duco finish points to the downfall of the decorator's deception; so, despite the efficiency of modern educators and educational systems, the culture of the would-be-intellectual bourgeoisie remains forever, inevitably a liberal, transparent veneer, and a super-imposition: under which is occasionally revealed every form of barbarism.

Count Keyserling, the German philosopher, in a recent work entitled "America set free," has said this: "Intellectualization without an equivalent soul development always makes for barbarization"; Will Durant, the American philosopher, in quaint imitation—"We sacrifice mental to physical energy; we have more ideas and facts in our heads than we have the wisdom to understand, or the character to use." The Count found in America the enthronement of a materialistic bourgeoisie ignorant of true culture; and the existence of the best equipped universities in the world—"having everything but culture, doing more for the body than for the mind, and

more for the mind than for the soul." This pragmatist philosophy is by no means confined to America alone.

The New Biography, as it has generally been termed, is a logical response to an existing demand. Moreover, it has been revealed as part of a great modern movement, which is itself initiated and stimulated by the essential democratic character of our modern social systems and educational institutions. This movement—the popularization of knowledge—in the way pointed out above, is influencing to-day, and, to some extent, determining every known educational medium and method. To consider the medium of books alone: we find Wells' "Outline," the most successful probably of many such, is symbolic in its delightfully naive attempt, within the confines of one volume, to weave upon one loom the innumerable threads of mankind's story. Its success does not surprise us. Like Durant's "Story of Philosophy," to a great extent, it satisfies the inarticulate strivings of this large, albeit intellectually half-baked, section of the great army of interested readers. With such marks of approval, the popularizing movement sweeps inexorably along an ever widening swath. And the end is not yet, nor yet foreseen. What Wells has attempted for History, and Durant for Philosophy, so Wiggam steps forward in the interests of Biology, and Strachey has accomplished under the banner of Historical Biography.

Lytton Strachey initiated the movement which, among historical biographers of the last decade, has gone far towards popularizing History. He has been called the father of the New Biography. To him may be attributed its unique tone and marked tendencies. In his "Eminent Victorians" he showed the way. Here, in an altogether arbitrary manner, he has presented his selection of the idols of nineteenth century England—Dr. Arnold, General Gordon, Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale. Within the covers of this book we find the first glimmerings of the New Biography. The presentation is clear, lucid, and clever; the tone is markedly derisive; the characters are treated with a candid attitude of critical inquiry unsurpassed before, and unexpectedly found in such a field; while, above all, the work is brief. With surprising ease, historical characters, under the sure, subtle touch of Strachey's pen,

become revived and immortalized, with a clarity and reality ordinarily peculiar to a creator of fiction characters. There is a strong tendency to vulgar familiarity with the subject; an unexpressed feeling of superiority which may better be described as lack of reverence, though not respect, for the subjects of the author's pen. The qualities of dullness, ponderability and great length, usually attributed to historical biography, are gone. The new work is concise, amusingly simple, and intensely interesting, if a little irritating at times in its self-complacent attitude and dispassionate criticism. Before all else the New Biography claims to be, first and last, exposition. It demands, on the author's part, a fine degree of perspicacity, yet, what is hardly consonant with the writing of good history, not too profound a knowledge of the period in which his characters have lived. His selection of materials, in the interests of brevity and sensation, must needs be arbitrary. Having chosen those parts which he is to amplify, his function then is of a magnifying mirror, to reflect, with all the talents at his command, the characters with which he is concerned. Strachey in his Preface to "Eminent Victorians" has given us the key to the New Art in a quotation: "*Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose.*"

It was the same author's "Queen Victoria," however, which proved to be the reveille for the New Biography. With the sound of the trump arrives the dawn, and, in the cool of the morning, we can watch the New Biographers on parade. M. Maurois in France, rather feebly following the master with his lives of Shelley and Disraeli, has done little credit to his brilliant forbearers, Fontenelle and Condorcet. Hackett, in England, has stepped boldly and shamefacedly forward with the amorous proceedings of Henry VIII. The wives of such a king, at such a time, can hardly be said to be a worthy subject for the brilliant powers of mental penetration and delicacy of touch that Francis Hackett has revealed. The indefatigable labours of a German genius, Emil Ludwig, have given us some of the best known of the new biographies. His "Napoleon" and "Bismarck" remain not only monuments of industry but brilliant representations of all that is worthwhile in this great art, at the same time revealing, in a very definite way, both its strength

and weakness. For the sake of popularity, he has left no stone unturned, no factor unrejected, which would, in any way, lessen the interest of the reader in his subject. Unfortunately, to attain his end, he has not only discarded much which produces authority in a work of such a nature, and ultimately makes it standard, but, also, he has given more freedom to the imagination (apparently his strongest faculty) than would appear desirable when functioning as a medium for fact. The end for which he wrote, which is the purpose of his art—the popularizing of history—he has achieved, with abnormal success, in the two works mentioned. Not quite so successful, yet just as prodigious, do we find “William II,” “Goethe,” and “Abraham Lincoln”; whilst the “Son of Man” is a precise result of the humanizing process of the New Biography. Obviously this exposition of the historical Jesus must needs conclude with a natural and human Golgotha; rather than with a supernatural and divine Bethany. In England, Strachey’s contemporary, Philip Guedalla, has given us “Palmerston,” though his more recent, and much more satisfying publication, from the student’s point of view, “The Second Empire,” is a masterpiece of studious thought and enlightened reflection. It bids fair to become a standard volume. In the United States, as elsewhere, we see a plethora of New Biographies, springing up like weeds and just as prolific; most of them in vain emulation of Strachey or one of his disciples.

Possibly the best example we can turn to, for purposes of interest and enlightenment concerning this new art, is Strachey’s amazing work, “Queen Victoria.” This exemplary book is the father of them all. Undoubtedly it can be criticized. To quote M. Maurois, it represents the queen “as a fat and resolute little woman, full of pride, accessible to flattery, at the same time touching and ridiculous.” Coming from one who has followed in the footsteps of the author, with considerably less success, this can scarcely be termed a just estimate. Rather should we first consider its felicity of style, its consummate art, its delicacy of moulding, no less than its perfectly serious critical intention. It embodies most of the *bon mots* of the New Biography, and but a minimum of its weaknesses. Intensely interesting; brilliant in spectacle; brief without the sacrifice of continuity and clarity; the treatment

of the characters in this volume is a worthy prototype for a new art. Exquisitely moulded and chiselled, each character is almost reverently portrayed, without losing the qualities of tangibility and human vitality. In short, the supercilious attitude of the author to his subject, critically directed against the New Biographer, is conspicuously absent here.

To a great extent, Victoria is allowed, through the medium of correspondence, etc., to reveal her own character, her gradual personal development along lines which resulted in many characteristics of the Age to which she has bequeathed her name. Her passion for respectability and security; her hatred of waste and change; her insane desire for eternal immutability in all things, are gracefully and graciously revealed; from the time of her girlhood accession, when she expressed herself quietly and confidently, albeit with characteristic regality even then—"I will be good"—to the day of her first Jubilee, 1887, when her final personal triumph took the form of an irrevocable winning of her subjects' hearts. The phenomena of Victoria's prolonged unpopularity with all classes, and her sudden triumphant penetration and possession of the Empire's heart, are not generally recognized, or adequately understood. As the golden day of the first Jubilee dawned, her almost deified position as England's longest and greatest reigning Queen, and the first Sovereign of the British Empire, was assured. So shall she ever be enthroned in the hearts of Englishmen; and as Strachey found her, so did he present her; and did leave her more strongly so entrenched, because more widely known, and more gloriously and intimately felt, by another generation of Englishmen. The Prince Consort is portrayed with no less wealth of meaning and depth of sympathetic appreciation. Lord Melbourne, Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli, Victoria's ministers, are each most ingeniously exposed and exhibited in repercussion with the character of the Queen—a novel method of delineation, peculiar to the New Art. The work as a whole, it can be generally admitted, lives up to, if not above, the highest ideals of the New Biography, the while escaping the weaknesses of its extremes.

And here we should like to stop, passing a verdict of unadulterated praise on this epitomical cradle of a

wondrous Art. But it is not to be. The same author has given us what is probably an excellent example of a great deal that is weak and undesirable in the New Biography. In "Elizabeth and Essex," to a remarkable degree, he demonstrates the close relation between the historical novelist and the historical biographer of this modern school. In this work, at times, it would appear, he presumes to be a psycho-analyst; and along with the novelist, permits to himself, here and there, a happy attitude of reverie, an admixture of criticism and comment, by which, when fact is wanting, he can identify himself with his subject's mind, and, thus divorced from objective truth, pursue untrammelled, suggestive flights of fantasy. In this, of course, as with the creator of historical fiction, imagination knows no bounds; and the result is at times ridiculous. One critic has particularly pointed out an amusing example of this amazing weakness in "Elizabeth and Essex," wherein the former is about to order the latter's execution. Strachey says, "It is not difficult to guess the steps by which she reached her final conclusion," and, for over four pages of unadulterated, incredible imagining, he proceeds to guess. Such invention is extremely clever, highly amusing, intensely interesting—all inveterate sources of weakness in the New Biography—but it can be of no historical value. "She smiled sardonically" is a pure fantasm of an imaginative, not a scientific mind. All this, of course, we must remember, is to the detriment of historical truth, a sacrifice on the altar of the New Biography, whose sins, we are told, "are as much of omission as of commission."

The selection of material is arbitrary to the point of annoyance on the part of the informed reader. The whole work, in fact, apparently panders to the feelings and interests of the mawkish mind. The New Biography finds the basis for its widespread acceptance not in intellectual but in sensational and emotional ground. Sloppy sentimentality, *horribile dictu*, would appear to be the quickest emotion, except under dire stress, that will move masses of people. We find it pre-eminently so to-day in the cinema, the radio, and the popular magazine. And at times it is for such a class that the new biographers would appear to write. Whilst in all probability the most penetrating criticism that can be despatched, is their

manifest lack of scientific research. It is a serious lack, and until it is eliminated, as a contribution to the annals of Standard Historical Work, the New Biography can hardly be appreciated. The author of this book disgracefully ignores the historical content of his subject, and, it would appear, intentionally passes over the period of her reign, for which Elizabeth is famous, and during which England was set along paths of greatness. All the spume of irony and cynicism is concentrated first on Bacon, and then on Bacon's contemporary and patron, the Earl of Essex. Elizabeth is subjected to indecent ridicule, and must become, in the mind of the credulous reader, nothing short of a monstrosity, by some mysterious means wielding regal power. Finally, the whole subject appears as debased by the sex of England's ruler, which, we must admit, was to some extent necessarily of political importance in the European diplomacy of the time; but, upon which, Strachey would lead us to believe, was placed a commercial value, and made the subject in all companies of ribald jest and rival feud.

And yet, withal, the book, though it falls immeasurably below the ideal set by its forerunner, "Queen Victoria," still, by the retention in it of those qualities which will help to make the art a permanent institution—the qualities of lucidity, brevity, clarity and conciseness—demands attention and respect as a member of the tribe. Moreover, it stands as a sign-post of warning before the precipitous depths of incredible failing and weakness, to which the New Biographer is peculiarly exposed; thereupon ceasing to be an effective historian, though masquerading as such, and becoming only a successful novelist. And, let us remember, all the myriad novelists writing in English in the last century have not created one character comparable to Bismarck or to Cavour, nor have the romances produced any hero to match Trevelyan's exposition of Garibaldi.

So the New Biography stands before the bar of judgment. The outlook at present is dull; but decision must be reserved for more capable and qualified minds. One issue is certain: continuing along the way pointed by the first-born, scholars shall eventually acclaim the New Art, and students drink at its fountain of knowledge; descending on paths of depravity, it may still claim the esteem of the bourgeoisie, that demand which first un-

consciously, and in the order of things, called it into being. But this is at best a fickle support to any art and one which can do that art no possible good. The result, in this latter case, would be alternative: either ultimate extinction, or a perversion into the fields of historical novel, as we have seen already, a strong tendency. Such would indeed be an unfortunate end, and one we should not contemplate, had not the creator of the New Biography himself, in this later work, his "Elizabeth and Essex," sounded the warning. For, after all, Truth is so much more strange, so much more wondrous, so much more enlightening than Fiction; be they exquisite pictures from Dickens' brush, or fascinating portraits from Hugo's pen; that, rather the ponderabilia of the Standard Historical Biographies, revealing the essence of Truth, under the stamp of authority, than the frolicsome, fanciful wit of the New Biography, robing truth in fiction's garb, and withholding the true light of day.

J. B. T.

A Harndy

With acknowledgments to the esteemed author plagiarized.

I'm going to send my trousers to the press.
It's a very high ambition, I confess.
But I feel the urge within,
And it cannot be a sin
To send my Sunday trousers to the press.

I'm going to send my trousers to the press.
My sartorial soul I'm longing to express.
Henry Ford, I've heard them say,
Has his suits pressed every day;
So I'm bound to send my trousers to the press.

I'm not the sort of man for evening dress;
My urge for hard-boiled shirts I can suppress.
Like a Buddhist in his rags
I am happy in these bags,
But my friends declare they need to go to press.

Yes, I think I'll send my trousers to the press.
I can spend an extra quarter, more or less;
For to-morrow, sharp at three,
There's a wretched silver tea,
So I've got to send my trousers to the press.

QUIEN SABE.

THE CHURCH AND ITS BELLS

The history of bells is full of romantic interest. In civilized times they have been intimately associated not only with all kinds of religious and social uses, but with almost every important historical event. Their influence upon church architecture is not less remarkable, for to them, indirectly, we probably owe most of the famous towers in the world. Church towers at first, perhaps, scarcely rose above the roof, being intended as lantern towers for the admission of light, and addition to their height was in all likelihood suggested by the more common use of bells.

Bells early summoned soldiers to arms, as well as Christians to church. They sounded the alarm in case of fire and tumult. They told of some great victory, as well as the death of some notable person, and before the advent of the newspaper kept the people to some extent informed of notable events. To such an extent were they bound up in the life of the people that poets have felt constrained to write about them, as, for example, the poem on the Bells of Shandon, perhaps one of the finest peals of bells in existence. Edgar Allan Poe also has written a poem on bells, but it is not quite clear whether he is singing their praises or otherwise. Possibly he may have been feeling not quite himself when he wrote his poem, but nevertheless bells were, and still are, part of the life of the people, especially in England and on the Continent of Europe; and probably there is nothing missed more by the emigrant from these parts than the sound of the church bells.

This subject is such a large and interesting one that it is almost impossible to make more than a brief sketch in this short paper. It can, moreover, be treated from one point of view only, according to the purpose of the investigator; in consequence such subjects as the casting of bells, their tuning, and their inscriptions, can only be barely touched upon. As each of these subjects practically requires a separate paper in itself, they may be treated at some future date. It is proposed to confine the treatment of the topic mainly to the history and development of bells, and the methods of ringing employed, and if space permits to touch upon those other subjects.

The origin of bells is lost in the mists of antiquity. According to the person who signs himself T. L. P. in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we have no trustworthy evidence as to the existence of bells before the Christian era, but other writers on this subject disagree on this point and hold the view that they were used in pagan temples long before they came into use in Christian churches. These authorities not being at hand, the question must remain an open one, and the latter view is quite a tenable one; it is a reasonable inference to suggest that the Christian Church adopted this custom from paganism, and sublimated it as it has done in other instances.

But whether that be so or not, there is no evidence to show that bells were used in Christian churches before the fourth or fifth centuries, and seem to have made their first appearance in Italy. The Latin word for bell is "*campana*," a late Latin word of the fourth or fifth century, which shows that they were not known in western Europe before that time. Their first use is ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, in Italy, about A.D. 400, but there is no confirmation of this story, which may have arisen from the words "*campana*," a bell, and "*nola*," a small bell; and in a letter written by Paulinus to the Emperor Severus describing very fully the decorations of his church, the Bishop makes no mention of bells. It has been maintained, with somewhat more reason, that Pope Sabinianus (A.D. 604) first used church bells, but it seems clear that they were used in France as early as 550.

As regards England, there is a tradition that Paulinus, the first Bishop of York, was the first to introduce them to England, but the first authentic account comes from the Venerable Bede, in the seventh century, who mentions that a bell was brought from Italy by Benedict Bishop for his abbey at Wealmouth, and who also speaks of the sound of a bell being well known at Whitby Abbey at the time of St. Hilda's death in 680. From this time the use of bells grew, and by the tenth and eleventh centuries their use was quite common throughout the west of Europe. St. Dunstan hung many during the tenth century.

It is said, however, that the Greek Christians were unacquainted with bells until the ninth century, but it is known that, for political reasons, after the taking of

Constantinople in 1453, their use was forbidden lest they should provide a popular signal for revolt.

Bells at first were very much smaller than those in use to-day, and differed also in shape and appearance. The earliest bells were probably not cast, but made of plates riveted together, but this method cannot have lasted for a very long time, the casting of bells being substituted quite early. Some of the early bells were quadrangular in shape, somewhat resembling a modern cowbell, and were very highly ornamented. Later the rounded bell came into fashion, and with it disappeared most of the ornamentation. The mediæval bells were very much the same in appearance as those we use to-day, but were rather longer in proportion to their diameter than the modern ones. There are several very old bells still in existence, most of them (the reference now is to England), dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but a good many were destroyed at various times. Henry VIII, when he wanted money, seized a number of them, and it appears that a number were destroyed during the Civil War. Gradually, as time went on, the number of bells in the various churches increased, and instead of one single bell we find as many as five, and in the case of Crowland's Abbey there were as many as seven at once. As the number increased, so also did the size, and at the time of the Reformation there were some quite large bells calling the faithful to Mass. As regards the casting, they seem at first to have been poured on the spot where wanted, and not in foundries as to-day. Foundries were in existence in mediæval times at such centres as London, York, Gloucester and Nottingham, and the art of bell founding passed out of the hands of the monks into the hands of professional bell founders, both in England and the Netherlands.

As was remarked in the introduction to this paper, bells have had a remarkable effect on church architecture, and probably to their increasing demands we owe most of the famous towers in existence. Bells were not hung in towers attached to churches at first, but were often placed in a framework and occasionally hung from trees, as may be seen in a church in northern France to-day. Bells, moreover, were not hung, as they are to-day, with a wheel and rope, but were suspended from one end of a lever-like beam, and a rope attached to the

other end. Working the beam up and down caused them to ring. Those of you who have seen the film "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" will get a good idea of what is meant, and this system of hanging is still used on the Continent. The wheel system came into use in England, and has had a great deal to do with the development of the method of bell-ringing and has had a part to play in that peculiarly English style of ringing known as "change-ringing."

With the increase in the number of bells, there came the development of two distinct types of bell-ringing—that of change and that known as the carillon. Change-ringing is the chiming of numbers of bells varying from six to twelve, generally in even numbers, as is the custom in England and the Dominions, where the Englishman has taken the love of bell-ringing with him. The carillon method is used in Belgium, the Netherlands and the United States, and also in our own Dominion, the notable instance being that at the Houses of Parliament, Ottawa. There are a few in England and in the rest of the British Dominions, but the system of change-ringing is too firmly established in the lives of the English people to be ousted by the carillon.

J. W. J.

OATS—OR—LONDON TO LETHBRIDGE

One night many years ago I was strolling down a London street at a rather late hour, when I was hailed by a very happy gentleman. He seemed to be filled with an urgent desire to communicate some of his happiness to me, and I was quite willing to hear what he had to say. He interested me from the first. After all it is not very often that one meets such a strangely dressed man, in such a riotously happy mood. It was the gleaming white shirt-front that caught my eye from the far distance, and its dazzling whiteness was perhaps exaggerated a little by the fact that he was not wearing any coat. This promised to be an adventure, and I hastened towards him to find that he was a young man in the best of evening clothes wierdly arranged. Besides the unusual circumstance that he carried his coat tucked under one arm with a positively affectionate clutch, he had further departed from the conventional by discarding his top hat in favour of a horribly greasy cap that must have been discarded some years before by a

fastidious fisherman, who had originally bought it from a second-hand store. His trousers were tied at the knee, the one with a piece of rope and the other with a silk scarf that at one time must have rivalled the "boiled shirt" for dazzling whiteness, but had now lapsed from its pristine purity into a murky grey. I was particularly puzzled by the fact that one of his pearl grey spats was missing, and that a stick of celery was doing duty for the conventional carnation in his button hole. I was reluctantly drawn to the conclusion which has probably forced itself upon the astute reader, that my new found friend had "gazed upon the vintage when 'twas crimson, when Bacchanalian revelry was rife," and this was rather confirmed than disproved by his introductory words, which I quote as accurately as possible (Higgins of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" would have done far better). "Sawry, you think I'm drunk, old shap, doneyer? Sawry oweman. Not drunk. A spot whiffled praps. No'drunktall." Without waiting for any comment from me, he forsook his effort to deliver a coherent and intelligible speech in favour of song. In a reedy tenor, he assured me more or less musically that "It's the roast beef of Old England that's made her what she is to-day. Hot on Sunday, cold on Monday, etc."

Another wayfarer and I put him into a cab, and in all probability he reached his club sometime in the early morning, and after a liberal supply of bromo-seltzer became again a sober citizen, and a Conservative who would frown at workmen who tied their trousers below the knee. But it was his song that interested me most.

"It's the roast beef of Old England that made her what she is to-day." Is that really true? Should the credit for Nelson's heroism be given the butcher who supplied him with beef, and the cook who prepared it for his consumption? And if this is true of England, what about France? Did Napoleon's outstanding personality owe its best characteristics to the frog whose legs were a regular part of the Napoleonic menu? Did the Boxer rebellion owe its violence to the quality of the rice consumed by the natives, or would the Calcutta affair have been avoided if the Indians had eaten less curry?

I am tempted to prepare a thesis on "Diet and Destiny." Perhaps an extension university would grant a Home Economics degree for this work.

Scotland presents a real difficulty. We all know what Scotsmen are. But do we know why they are what they are, so to speak? To what part of their menu should the responsibility be laid? Is haggis or porridge the determining factor in the Scotsman's life? Extensive thought has led me to the position that haggis is responsible for Scotsmen's character. That is the only food that is eaten by them alone. Oats are found in the menu of many people who cannot even pronounce "auchtermauchty" or comment that "it's a braw brecht moonlicht nicht the nicht, och aye."

To prove this last statement may I take you to Lethbridge, Alberta. We have a mutual friend there who is outstanding. The university from which he graduated is still staggering under the loss of a phenomenal personality. He is individual to a marked degree. One of the faculty was heard to remark that "there was never a man like Phipps before, and there will never be another like him." This may have been a considered opinion, a pious hope, or a tearful regret, but it is undoubtedly a fact. And porridge can lay claim to no small part of his fame. He is not a Scotsman. His life is innocent of haggis, he has never worn a kilt, and has never attended a bonspiel, or sighed over a lost dime. But he has eaten porridge, and the latest reports from Alberta lead us to believe that he will long continue on this diet. We are informed that a former college friend found a sack of oats in Winnipeg and forwarded them to Lethbridge as a mark of our esteem to one whom we sorely miss. It was an unfortunate thing that those who dispatched the oats neglected to pay the freight, but the recipient did so gladly (and got his revenge later by a telegram sent "collect," proving his sagacity). An obliging theatre manager, in the same week, opened his theatre to those who would give him a certain amount of oats, or wheat. And now we are wondering whether our friend has porridge three times a day, or just twice, and uses the other part of the daily ration to attend the local show. Possibly, after his supper of oats, he goes to the show and secures entry by payment of his bushel of the same grain, and sits munching oatmeal biscuits, then he wends his way back to the Rectory, prepares the porridge for breakfast, and so to bed dreaming of sacks of oats, and perhaps of St. John's. We hope so.—K.C.B.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

THE CHURCH SOCIETY

On Thursday, January 22nd, the semi-annual report of the Church Society was made to the members. The President, A. E. Smith, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with prayer. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, A. Briggs, the activities of the past term were outlined. These included regular celebrations of the Holy Communion and weekly addresses in the Chapel, prayer meetings twice daily, and a Quiet Day held at the Cathedral. The report showed that the attendance at services was commendable. In closing, the President thanked the members of the Executive for their co-operation and all who had assisted with the Chapel services, especially the organist, J. W. Wilson.

The programme for this term was then sketched. It contained, besides the routine arrangements, a new departure, namely, in making provision for addresses by leading clergy of other denominations in the city. In addition it is planned to invite some of the prominent Anglican laymen to speak to the members. Notice of an invitation to the students to attend a Mission to be held at All Saints' Church, conducted by Right Reverend Ralph Sherman, D.D., Bishop of Calgary, was given. A Quiet Day will be held in the near future. The members of the Church Society look forward eagerly to a visit from His Grace the Archbishop when the pressure of his duties has been relieved. In his final remarks the President asked for continued co-operation and interest on the part of the members.

A. E. S.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The tradition of this Society seems to be that each year of activity is commenced with the Freshmen's Debate; this year was no exception. Four very earnest young men tackled the resolution, which was "Resolved that the trans-Atlantic aeroplane flight attempts should be prohibited by international law." Messrs. Hubert Preston and Wilfred Butcher, who opposed the motion, were suc-

cessful in defeating the supporters of the resolution, Messrs. Lionel Harrison and Norman Middleton. The august Seniors, who rather like to enjoy the discomfiture of the hapless victims, were disappointed this year, for the debaters seemed not at all nervous or worried.

Rev. Canon Herklots was the guest speaker at the second meeting of the Literary Society, held on October 30th. The Canon gave a very interesting and enlightening reading from a work of his own entitled "Some Chapters from the History of the English Essay." Time did not permit the finishing of the reading, and the balance was postponed to a later meeting.

On November 13th a new idea was introduced into the programme of the Society—a play reading night. This was done with the hope of stimulating interest in modern plays. Messrs. Butcher, Boyd, Harbord and Surguy read plays, which were enjoyed by a small but appreciative audience.

The last meeting of the first term was held on November 27th. Rev. Canon Herklots continued the reading from "Some Chapters from the History of the English Essay." The book not being finished, the balance was looked forward to for some meeting early in the next term.

"Resolved that the modern girl will make as good a housekeeper as her mother did" was the very interesting subject for debate at the meeting of the "Lit." held on January 15th, 1931. Messrs. Walker and Hyman, who supported the resolution, did their best to sway the house in favour of their lady friends, but their case did not appeal to a group of students who feel all too sorely the loss of the meals that "mother used to make." Messrs. Briggs and Naylor presented a very strong plea for the negative side of the argument, picturing the hopelessness of the present generation of "painted, gum-chewing dressmakers' models." A large majority supported to negative, so the motion was declared defeated.

There are so many activities in the College that some of them are bound to suffer, but it seems that the Literary Society comes in for more than its share of suffering. There were only about seven or eight who turned out for the meeting on January 29th, so the meeting adjourned to the home of Canon Herklots. The

Canon completed the reading of "Some Chapters from the History of the English Essay," which all who have heard hope soon to see in print. The Society express their thanks to Canon Herklots for his readings and are only sorry that the attendance has not been better.

F. J. B.

LOUIS RIEL

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

(Continued from last issue)

The first session of the legislature of both peoples was held on February 26th, and the Bill of Rights, more carefully drawn up, was forwarded to Ottawa in the hands of three commissioners. Thus a practical government had now been formed with the support of the majority of the population, the approval of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the commissioner of Ottawa. A temporary body, its purpose was to maintain quiet in the country until the formal transfer could be effected. The American element was all but eliminated. The Metis, it must be pointed out, however, were predominant, for they constituted the garrison of Fort Garry and the military force of the government.

Riel now felt that his power was assured, and liberated sixteen of the prisoners, at the same time promising to release the rest before long. But the Canadian party was still active against the government of Riel. From Portage la Prairie, which had attempted to set up a government independent of that at Fort Garry, a band of armed men under Major C. W. Boulton on February 15th marched to Red River. There they joined a number of British settlers who had been raised by Dr. Schultz, and the gathering became formidable. Riel, as a conciliatory measure, released the remaining prisoners, and also strengthened his own position. The rising, being without adequate provisions, and seeing Riel's determination, broke up. As the Portage contingent passed Fort Garry on the way home, the garrison under O'Donoghue sallied forth and captured them all, to the number of forty-eight. Among them were Major Boulton and Thomas Scott.

Angered by the rising and resolved to show that the authority of his government was of the fullest, Riel

sought to make a sufficing example of one of the prisoners. Major Boulton was condemned to death for treason but was reprieved by the intervention of Father Lestanc of St. Boniface and Mr. Smith. Thomas Scott, meanwhile, by his abusive talk and violent conduct, had aroused the anger of his warders. One of the prisoners taken in December, he had escaped from custody with some others, and while free had boasted of his intention of shooting Riel on sight, and when recaptured had fought with the guards and behaved in a manner at once provoking and indiscreet. Accordingly he was singled out, tried by a council of war of seven, on March 3rd, and by six votes to one was condemned to be shot. Mr. Smith and Father Lestanc endeavoured to obtain a pardon, but Riel was determined to exert his power and to insure, by one ruthless blow, the security of his government. Scott was allowed a chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Young, and the next day was taken out before the walls of the fort and shot. Differing ghastly stories are related of his being merely wounded by the firing squad, and being left in agony for hours in his coffin before being finally killed. It was said that his body was disposed of by being thrust through the ice into the Assiniboine, and again that after dark it was set up in a cutter to resemble a living person and driven away. We see no reason to accept one or any. The deed was done, the Provisional Government was rendered free from further resistance in Assiniboia, and Riel's fate was decided. It is not too much to say that Scott dogged him for the rest of his life.

To consider the case impartially, the execution can be fairly defended from Riel's point of view in that Scott had resisted established authority, and had been guilty of talking abusively and behaving violently. The Provisional Government was founded on the will of the majority of the people, was approved by the commissioner from Ottawa, and had the only organization and means of enforcing order in the country. As a new government its power had to be evinced in order to promote respect, and stern measures were necessary toward anyone defying its authority. On the other hand, we cannot see that Scott merited death, nor that his trial was fair or lawful. He was not given sufficient means of defence, and the need and justice of martial law may well be questioned. Though justice may have been aimed at,

it was perverted by the passions of the Metis and the autocracy of Riel. In summary, the resistance to the Provisional Government was unwise and unwarranted, and Scott's behaviour was indiscreet, but he was executed unjustly and summarily as an example to any who might contemplate further opposition.

When the news of the death of Scott reached Ontario the bitterest feeling flamed up against Riel and his Metis; a price was set on his head by the Ontario Government, and Scott was everywhere proclaimed a martyr. Two of the three commissioners were thrown into prison for a time. Colonel Garnet Wolseley was despatched with a force of about twelve hundred men, over half being volunteers, and he toiled westward along the old fur trader route. On May 12th the Manitoba Act was assented to, by which the people of Assiniboia were granted provincial rights and representative government, and in which most of the clauses of the Bill of Rights were included. Thus the rising of 1869 had fulfilled its purpose, and the Provisional Government had only to transfer its authority. Mr. Adams G. Archibald was appointed Lieutenant-Governor and his appointment was popular in the West. All was quiet from now on in the Red River. Archbishop Tache, who at the request of the Dominion Government had returned in the Spring, brought about a greater degree of moderation and reconciled his people to Canadian rule. Riel continued in power until the approach of Wolseley. O'Donoghue urged resistance, but Riel, evidently intending to transfer peaceably the authority of his now superseded government, refused. But when he learned that Governor Archibald was not with the troops, and that his life would be in danger at their hands, without a show of opposition he fled across the border. The expedition took over Fort Garry, and when the Lieutenant-Governor arrived, the new province settled down quietly as a member of the Dominion of Canada. So ended the rising in Red River.

Its nature we may here comment on briefly. It was a protest against annexation to Canada without assurance of what the people of Assiniboia considered their due rights. Sir John A. Macdonald in his "Correspondence Relative to the Recent Disturbances in the Red River," said, "that the resistance of the halfbreeds is evidently not against the sovereignty of Her Majesty

or the government of the Hudson's Bay Company but against the assumption of the government by Canada." In this it resembled the strong anti-confederation movement in the Maritimes and in British Columbia. It was also in part a protest against the encroachment of outsiders, in part the result of American propaganda, and largely the fears aroused in the settlers for their lands and hopes of self-government. The Metis were the backbone of the rising, because they were little used to obedience, were contemptuously treated by some Canadians, and particularly angered by the square survey system. As the leader of his people and one desirous of power, Riel naturally headed and guided the rising. Though at first under American influence, he succeeded in maintaining order, and came, through the work of Mr. Smith and Archbishop Tache, to be confirmed in his acceptance of British sovereignty. Had it not been for the fatal execution of Scott, he might well have surrendered the government peaceably and become a respected and perhaps distinguished statesman under the new order.

The following year, 1871, Riel, despite a decree of banishment by the Federal Government, was back in Manitoba, and did a striking service to the new province. A large band of Fenians, led by O'Donoghue, planned to invade the country and, counting on the support of the Metis who had resisted Canada only a year before, they hoped to overturn the government. The province had no sufficient force; all depended on which side the Metis chose. Riel was appealed to and, on receiving assurance of immunity, actively raised the Metis for defence. O'Donoghue had been captured, and the Fenians, discouraged by the stand the halfbreeds had taken, threw up their project. A very serious menace to Canadian dominion had been averted by the Metis under Riel. Any doubt as to their sincerity we must regard as engendered by dislike and wilful misunderstanding. The facts are against such a conclusion, and certainly had they wished they might have powerfully aided the Fenian raid. But they had nothing to gain in any way by so doing and therefore to question their loyalty is to disregard the obvious aspect of the matter.

The next thirteen years of Riel's life may be traced lightly. The decree of banishment was revoked in con-

sideration of his services in 1871. He was repeatedly elected Federal member for Provencher and in 1874 even signed his name in the members' register at Ottawa. But he was driven out, and as he was in Ontario an outlaw with a price on his head, he was constantly in danger and continually pursued. His excitable mind faltered from its balance, and under an assumed name he spent eighteen months in asylums at Beauport and Longue Pointe. Later he went to the United States and underwent further treatment in an asylum in Washington. After wandering to and fro, he settled at St. Peter's Mission, Montana, and there taught school for the Catholic fathers, and wrote verses, some, of a deeply religious vein, expressive of gratitude to Archbishop Tache, his benefactor, and others giving vent to resentment against the Dominion Government. During this time he had married and was the father of two children.

But trouble had gathered once more in the North-West. The insurrection in Manitoba had been happily brought to an end by the creation of the province, the grant of representative government, the popular rule of Governor Archibald, and the issuing of land titles to the halfbreeds. But the old life of the first era was stricken and going. Civilization was flooding in ahead of and with the railroad, Manitoba was being settled, and its prairies and woods were covered with farms and towns. The great buffalo herds, cut up by the transcontinental railways and ceaselessly hunted, were vanishing swiftly; the fur trade in the southern areas was dwindling, and the brigades of fur boats with their chanting voyageurs, too, were fewer. The halfbreeds were forced either to adapt themselves to a new and irksome mode of life or retreat. Many therefore trekked westward to the broad valley of the Saskatchewan. The Indians, being deprived of their means of livelihood—the buffaloes and the fur trade—were supported by treaty by the Dominion Government and were given great reserves; but they were often discontented with the change and their treatment by the whites. Soon even into the Saskatchewan valley came surveyors and land speculators and all the fears of the halfbreeds at Red River were roused anew. Were their lands to be surveyed in squares and lost to them? They petitioned Ottawa to give them the river lot survey and titles for their lands, but the government, busied

and distant, gave no heed to those who were not white men with rights of citizenship or Indians with treaty rights. The halfbreeds therefore resorted to the methods of redress which had succeeded in 1870 and sent a committee of four to Montana to invite Riel to return and lead them. He at once responded.

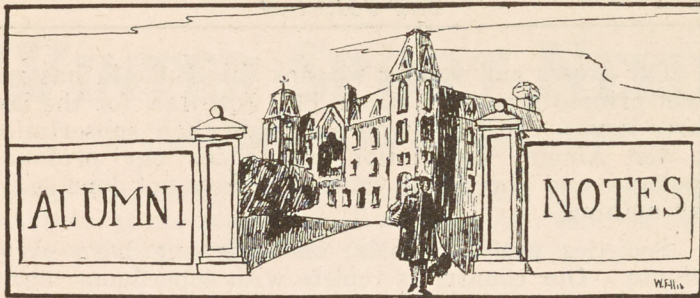
In the fall of 1884 he began an agitation for the claims of the halfbreeds that received their support and the sympathy of the settlers. For the most part the course of events and Riel's procedure were the same as in 1869, but there was this important difference: he then resisted no properly constituted authority, but now he was agitating for redress against the sovereign power of Canada. An appeal to arms would be rebellion. To that the continued neglect of the government and a report that Riel was to be arrested was driving the excitable halfbreeds. Two other points of difference must be made clear. First, there was the terrible danger that the Indians might join with the halfbreeds; and this was realized in that two tribes did rise. Secondly, Riel broke with the Church of Rome, and this merits attention. It shows the loyalty of the Catholic priests, who used all their influence to restrain the Indians and moderate the halfbreeds so successfully that Riel, fearing they would check his agitation, attempted to win the halfbreeds from their faith. In this he displayed shrewdness for his political ends, but in order to make the breach permanent, he assumed, as he was by nature and training in some degree fitted to do, the offices of religion. He became an ascetic, prayed and fasted much, adopted later a flag inscribed with the Ten Commandments, and even acted as confessor to his followers. To his name, also, he added that of "David" to signify that he was the Messiah of the halfbreeds and Indians. In like manner he customarily placed below his signature the word "Exovede" as a mark that he stood apart from mankind by virtue of the prophetic gift that he claimed. From these things it is quite evident that the strain of leading the rising had caused his mental unsoundness to break out again.

Nonetheless his eloquence and magnetism held the halfbreeds, and some successes seemed to confirm his cause and his pretension to prophecy. The course of the Saskatchewan Rebellion we may treat quickly. On March 17th, 1885, a Provisional Government was formed

with Riel as President and Gabriel Dumont, a dashing buffalo hunter and a brave and skilful fighter, as military leader. Its headquarters were established at Batoche on the Saskatchewan, and stores were seized. Hostilities broke out at once. On March 26th Dumont defeated a detachment of Mounted Police at Duck Lake. This reverse aroused the Federal Government, and a force of three thousand volunteers was rushed from the East over the yet uncompleted Canadian Pacific Railway to join those mustered in the West. Meanwhile, on April 12th, the tribe of Big Bear, a pagan Cree, had attacked the settlement of Frog Lake, killed five men, two of whom were priests, and captured a number of women. Battleford was threatened by another band under Chief Poundmaker, and various acts of violence had been committed. Three expeditions were organized: one under Colonel Otter was to relieve Battleford; a second under General Strange was to rescue Fort Pitt from the menace of Big Bear; the main body under the commander, General Middleton, was to march on Batoche. By this last the heaviest fighting was done. Had Dumont been given a freer hand by Riel, there is no doubt the contest would have been severer, but the latter seemed averse to pressing the issue by battle. At Fish Creek the daring Metis engaged the advancing column, and though finally driven off, he checked his opponent stiffly, and retired for a firmer stand at Batoche. This village, being the centre of the rebellion, was protected by rifle pits which Dumont had planned and arranged skilfully and ingeniously. On May 9th Middleton advanced to the attack, but so stubborn was the defence and so strongly fortified was the approach that not until the 12th, when the troops threw off all restraint and charged the rifle pits, was the place taken. Dumont and some others escaped to the States, but Riel after two days' flight gave himself up to some scouts. To illustrate the extent of the rising apart from the Indian menace, we would point out that the halfbreed force at Batoche numbered only three hundred and fifty. Poundmaker, after having checked Otter's troops, on the arrival of Canadian reinforcements surrendered on May 23rd. Big Bear was driven into the northern wilds and was captured in June by the Mounted Police. The rebellion was then entirely over.

(To be concluded in next issue)

W. L. M.



*Published through the Editorial Committee of the St. John's
Alma Mater Association, February 1931*

Dear Johnian,—

Winnipeg, February 5th, 1931.

May I express my appreciation of the honour of being chosen President of the Alma Mater Association. I am exceedingly proud of the opportunity to render any service to the Association, and through it to St. John's; and may I at this time express the thought that the Alumni generally are greatly indebted to Mr. F. G. Warburton who, as President during the past year, worked so earnestly to hold the Association together—a difficult and discouraging task in these days of economic crisis.

At a meeting of the Executive of this Association held recently, at which every officer was present, including His Grace the Archbishop, the affairs of the Association were thoroughly discussed. In the minds of all present there was no doubt of the great loyalty in the heart of every Alumnus for old St. John's. ST. JOHN'S! the very name as applied to our Alma Mater arouses the imagination of every boy who ever attended the School, and every student who ever walked the College halls. These two branches of the same institution, complementary to each other, together perpetuate a most splendid tradition, and a most inspiring ideal. High tradition carries with it great obligation; and your Executive, realizing that only through a strong and vigorous membership can any of the objectives of the Association be attained, has decided that the whole force of the Association shall be used, in the first instance, to increase the membership. To that end I ask every old boy of the School or College to whose notice this letter may come, to co-operate with the Executive to the extent of writing one letter to the Secretary of the Association, forwarding therein the amount of his annual dues (\$1.00) for 1931. If that has already been done let your letter give the name and address of at least one Johnian whom you think may not now be a member of the Association: you will agree that this is not putting your loyalty to your Alma Mater to a very severe test.

Address your letter to the Secretary, R. E. Hewitt, Esq., P.O. Box 1921, Winnipeg, Man.

Will you do that much for St. John's?

In return for that small service your Committee undertakes that the Alma Mater Association will become a vital force which will contribute its share in full measure to the future success of St. John's.

Yours sincerely,

A. E. PRIDHAM.

For divers and sundry reasons this Bulletin has not been printed separately from THE JOHNIAN for the last three issues. To those who have paid their subscription to the Alumni Association we tender our profound apologies and regrets: to those who have not done so we say nothing.

Societies are like fools; there is one born every minute. Our country is replete with superfluous mushroom organizations. We are beset on all sides with requests to affiliate ourselves to this, that, and the other of the host of societies which spawn themselves annually. How many of these outlast the enthusiasm of the coteries which conceived them? Surely not such as those whose infancy is nourished at the Bridge table! Their ends are too ephemeral: their inspiration is gone with the dawn of Backgammon. Of these truisms one is only too conscious when one falls a victim to the next high-pressure besetter.

But to find oneself when leaving School or College to be one of a vast company whose campaigns were fought with pen or puck, whose victories were won with book or ball, whose youthful adventures and adversities, whose early foibles and fears were an open book to a hundred others like situated, is to belong to a Society indeed. For these things were life itself! And as in life, so here on these foundations we find a comradeship which becomes the richer as the years grow shorter. In this great Association we have a structure based on life itself, and the best part of life at that.

It is for this living, growing and everspreading human social organism, our Alma Mater Association, which our President makes his appeal. It is the preservation of the warp and woof of this Johnian fabric which forms the motive of these Bulletin pages. Many a good ship sprang a leak in bad weather, but she did not sink; the captain saw to that. Many an army failed to advance against overwhelming odds, but they were not defeated, the general was on the job. Here are two morals: "stop the leak" and "consolidate."

News items this issue, zero: out of nothing comes nothing.

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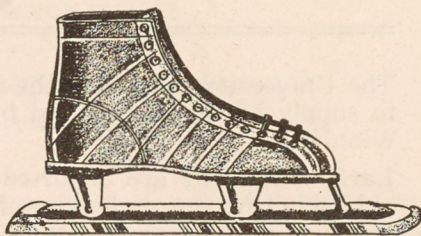
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